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May Your Code Be High



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Chapter 1 by Madeline Of Elves

March 12, 5189, Era of the Corporation

My name is Sybil, I'm a 3.5 code citizen, and I'm nine years old. I was told long ago that, in the case of an emergency, to keep a journal to help me through tough times. I was also told that I most likely wouldn't survive, and that the Cooperation needed historical records. The Corporation is always so kind and loving to their citizens, aren't they? I wish they would give lower code's more food.

The funny thing about this apocalypse is that it didn't come like everyone thought it would. They expected zombies, or fire, or some sort of crazy alien, all directed at defeating the human race. They never thought we would have just been caught in the crossfire. You see, the Angels and Demons have been fighting for about 60 years now, in the Immortal's war, and have no intention of stopping.

Some of the humans have joined sides. I think that's stupid. They're immortal, while we can die in a flash. They treat us as inferiors anyway.

I've never seen an angel before. I've never seen a devil. I've just seen the flashes of blue and red in the night, when I'm supposed to see more of Story Wars who to root for. Both sides have been horrible to us.

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Momma says I have to go to bed now. It's getting dark. I'll try to write again tomorrow, I guess.

May your code be high and food be plentiful!

-Sybil

March 16, 5189, Era of the Corporation

Hello again, journal. Big news! The Corporation moved us to a higher code dwelling! Now we have a personal bathroom and everything! It's so exciting, but Momma seems worried. They said Papa would be here already, on vacation from his job. He hasn't come yet.

I realized that I haven't told you much of the Corporation. I should be careful about what I say, though. Just remember, the next paragraph is most definitely true.

The Corporation is a wonderful sort of government. The kind that would never try and blackmail your papa with an aspect of his past to get him to work a dangerous job. And they would never make the young men go into the Immortal's war against their own judgement. They love each and every one of their citizens. They never assume that just because a group are called Angels, that they are so. Or do the same with Devils.

I hope that this war ends soon. I hope Papa comes home right now. I hope that a magic unicorn would fly from the sky and give me a slice of cake! There is no use wishing. As Momma says, "Why waste a thought when you know it won't happen?"

May your code be high and food be plentiful!

-Sybil

March 18, 5189, Era of the Corporation

Papa still hasn't come home. Momma called the Corporation hotline, but she got the usual, "Do not fret. We will be with you shortly. All hail the Corporation." automated message. She cried last night. She thought I was already asleep but I wasn't.

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and I stared at each other with wide eyes. Suddenly it hissed and flew away quickly, and I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. I need to write about something else, my breaths are getting weird-

Momma says I look like Papa. I have his blond hair, but Momma's brown eyes. She says I look pretty, and that the boys will love me, but I don't think so. I hate the way my hair is all shaggy no matter what I do. Momma's a nice woman, though. Skinny like all the rest of us, from not enough food, but she isn't bitter about it.

I didn't tell Momma about the Angel, though. I was worried she would be more scared for Papa, because if there's one Angel, there are bound to be more. They travel in packs. And if there are Angels, the Devils aren't far behind.

I'm scared.

May your code be high and food be plentiful.

-Sybil

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